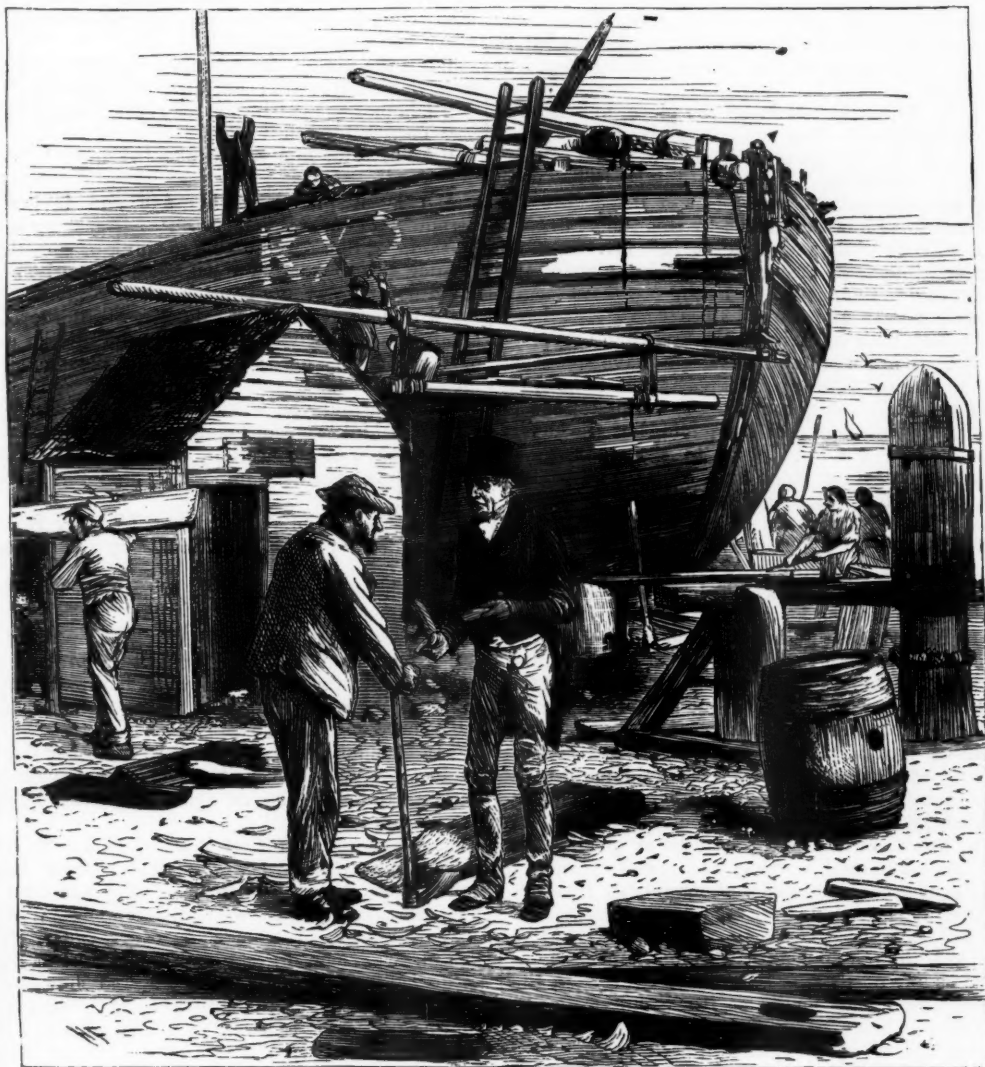


THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND.
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Conifer.*



MR. STRAFFORD VISITS THE SHIPYARD.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER XLIII.—“MY OWN FAULT.”

The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted; they have torn me, and I bleed :
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.

—Byron.

MR. STRAFFORD remained at Abbotscliff for some days after his young grandson had begun to get better. He would have liked to take

him back with him to Langdale, but his recovery was slow, and it was not likely that he would be able to undertake a long journey for some weeks. It was desirable, however, that he should be removed at an early date from the boarding-house, as the boys would be returning almost immediately from their short Easter holiday. Mr. Strafford proposed, therefore, to take some lodgings for him in the town; and one day, when Tom was sitting up, near the open window, pale, thin, and delicate-looking, but free

from pain, at ease in his mind, and full of quiet happiness and thankfulness, his grandfather proposed this to him, and Tom of course assented. It mattered very little to him just then where he was. He had no books to work at, no examination to look forward to, no parting from his friends to fear.

"Is there any other place that you would like better, Tom?" Mr. Strafford asked—"not too far off?"

Tom's eyes sparkled. He thought of Sandy Frith, and the shipyard and the boat. Captain Broad was at home, too. He had come over to Abbotscliff to ask after him a day or two before, having heard of his illness.

Mr. Strafford did not know the place, but listened attentively to what Tom had to say about it.

"Are good lodgings to be had there?" he asked.

"Yes," said Tom, "I should think so. They were going to make quite a large place of it. I dare say there are some houses finished by this time."

"I will go over and look at it," Mr. Strafford said; and that same afternoon he took the train, and arrived in due time at Sandy Frith.

Nearly a year had elapsed since Tom's visit there, in company with his friend Martin; but the place was not so much altered as might have been expected. There were some carcasses of houses, at which no work was going on. The foundations of some large buildings had been laid, but the superstructure had not yet begun to rise upon them. There were steam-engines at work at one or two spots, boring for water; and until water should be found, other operations were at a standstill. Mr. Strafford made up his mind, as he walked through the narrow streets of the little town, that this would hardly be the place to which he could bring his grandson. But when he reached the shore, and had gone as far as the shipyard, he could not but admire the natural advantages and beauty of the spot, and stood still for some time on the sands, watching the ripple of the sea, and looking out at the sheltering headlands towards the east and west.

Turning towards the shipyard he found several men busy at work there; this too would amuse his boy he thought; and an occasional sail in fine weather, which might be had there without any trouble or fatigue, would do him a great deal of good. The house looked tolerably roomy and comfortable, and the thought occurred to him that possibly an arrangement might be made for lodgings there. He addressed himself to Mr. Dean, who was easily to be recognised, though clad as a workman and working as hard as any of them. Dean scarcely ever left the shipyard now: when he did so it was only for a sail in one of the boats, or on some pressing matter of business. He would not trust himself in any other man's house, and it was a rule of his own that no strong drink of any kind should be admitted, except in such medicinal form as might be necessary for his mother's infirmities.

"Can you tell me," Mr. Strafford asked, "whether there are any good lodgings to be had in this place?"

"Not that I know of," Dean replied, going on with his work. Lodgers and excursionists at Sandy Frith were a sore subject with him just then.

"You seem very busy," said Mr. Strafford.

"Yes, sir, we must work while we can."

"There seem to be changes going on in the place."

"Changes? Yes, I wish it were not so."

"It's a nice quiet place. I should have liked to bring an invalid here for the sake of the sea air and the boats; a young boy from Abbotscliff."

"Abbotscliff?" the man repeated quickly. "From the college?"

"Yes."

"What's his name?"

"His name is Strafford."

"Strafford. I don't know him. There was a nice young lad called Howard, who was very ill there. Have you heard of him?"

"It's the same," Mr. Strafford replied. "I ought to have said Howard; but he is my grandson."

"I hope he is getting on all right," said Dean.

"Yes, thank you."

"And it's for him you want a lodging?"

"Yes."

Mr. Dean put down his axe and invited Mr. Strafford to enter the house. "I'll ask my sister," he said. "She may be able to think of something."

Lucy Dean made her appearance presently, but she could not suggest any lodgings that would do.

"I thought possibly," said Mr. Strafford, looking about him, "that you might not mind giving us two or three rooms here; you have a nice house and nicely situated."

"I am afraid you would not like it," Lucy said.

"I don't think we could manage it."

She looked at her brother, who answered sadly:

"No. It would be impossible under the circumstances."

"What are the circumstances?" Mr. Strafford asked, and after some hesitation Dean was persuaded to speak out.

"The house is not our own," he said. "We are under notice to quit."

"Whose is it?"

"A man named Chaffin bought it, promising to leave us undisturbed, and now he is threatening us, and encroaching upon us, and means to turn us out."

"Where does he live?"

"In London: but he was here the other day and we had a quarrel over it. I believe it is his son's doing. He has a grudge against me, that boy has. I scarcely know why."

Dean had an idea that it was because he was a friend of Tom Howard's. Chaffin had seen Tom in his boat on the day when he had given him the chastisement which he so well deserved. Whether for that reason, or from some other cause, young Chaffin, who spent a great deal of his time at Sandy Frith, had taken a dislike to Dean, and showed it by frequent hints about the shipyard being wanted for building purposes. Constant encroachments had been made upon the yard and garden by his orders, and every remonstrance which Dean ventured to make was met with a suggestion that if he did not like it he had better leave it, and that he would have to leave it soon at all events. Dean had, in fact, received a formal notice to quit, and the time of its expiration was not far distant.

Mr. Strafford remained for a long while talking to Dean about his affairs, and could not help feeling very sorry for him. Dean told him of his father's will, in which it was stated that the old mother was to occupy the shipyard house jointly with her son as long as she should live, and Mr. Strafford having some experience of the law thought that this might possibly render the sale of the property invalid.

"It is worth taking an opinion about," he said. "I understand that you would cancel the sale if you could?"

"Yes," said Dean; "if I could do it honestly."

"Can you repay the money?"

"I can give him back what he gave me," said Dean. "I have got the money together again, and it is ready in the bank. I have had a good deal of work lately and have saved it up, shilling by shilling. It was not a great deal. The chief amount was paid in shares of this—company, which I dare say you have heard of, and I am afraid they are not worth much just now."

"Still," said Strafford, "if you can repay his cash with cash, and his shares with shares, he ought to be satisfied; you may be satisfied, at all events. I will get a case drawn up and submitted to counsel."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Dean, "but I could not go to law about it. Chaffin is a rich man, and would not mind expense. I could not afford to fight him."

"It shall cost you nothing, Dean. I will just get an opinion for my own satisfaction. You will not object to my doing so, I hope?"

"I should be very thankful, sir, to have the wrong set right. I ought not to have sold the property. I should not have done so if I had known justly what I was about."

He turned very red as he spoke, and Mr. Strafford, who was on the watch for every point of law, pressed for further explanation.

"It was my own fault," the man said. "I am a teetotaler now, and hope to remain so; but the mischief is done."

Mr. Strafford understood him then.

"Well," he said, "you must give me all the information necessary, together with a copy of the will, and then we will see what can be done. It seems to me that you have sold what was not altogether yours to sell, your mother having a life interest in it."

"Yes, sir, and that's what worries me. To think that I should have turned my mother out of house and home at her time of life, and my sister, too, when she ought to have been married comfortably and stayed where she is. I shall bear the sorrow and the shame of it to my grave, Mr. Strafford."

"All this will have to be made public, I'm afraid, if we go into court about it," Mr. Strafford said, after some minutes' reflection. "Could you make up your mind to that?"

"I'd make up my mind to anything that would set things right," Dean answered. "I would stand at the street corners and tell every passer-by what I have done, and how I came to do it, if that would be of any use. I'll do anything you bid me, Mr. Strafford. Only say the word, and I'll do it."

"Give me your hand upon it."

Joshua Dean put forth his hand impulsively, but drew it back again.

"No, sir," he said, "not now; when I am an honest man again—prove me." He laid his hand upon his heart as he spoke, and his eye glistened. Mr. Strafford was more than satisfied, and rose to go.

While this conversation was going on in the parlour, another, not less momentous, was proceeding in the kitchen, where Captain Broad was talking in low, but earnest tones to Lucy; old Mrs. Dean sitting in her high-backed chair, and looking on well

pleased, not having the slightest idea of what was passing between them.

Lucy had told the captain of Mr. Strafford's visit and the object of it; and the captain had made a proposal, which seemed to his mind to meet the case exactly. He was always ready with expedients, and seldom missed an opportunity of urging his strong reasons upon Lucy Dean.

"It might be all done in a fortnight, Lucy," he said. "You know that my house is in nice order, and almost as large as your own; and there is nobody to occupy it, since my poor dear mother went to her rest above. I have had it done up so nicely, if you would but go and look at it. There would be a room for your mother, and three good bedrooms, and a little one besides. You could take them all in, and make them so happy and so comfortable in your own house, Lucy, dear; and nobody could ever turn you out of that; and very likely Mrs. Howard would like to stay with you all my next voyage, and she would be pleasant company."

Lucy would have been very glad to make them all happy; but that was not her first thought at that moment.

"You will have to leave this house, you know; and where are you to go, with your mother? I can't go on board ship again until I see you settled. It's impossible. Why won't you just say 'Yes,' and let me go and see about it?"

Lucy continued silent while he spoke, but it was too evidently not the silence of consent. She had resolved not to leave her mother, and also not to take her where she would be a burden to any one else. Her brother, too, was hardly to be trusted yet, she thought; she could not expect that he would make his home in Captain Broad's house, as the latter had proposed, and if he were to live by himself he would be again exposed to temptation, and, apart from all other considerations, might not be able to fulfil his engagements towards his mother and to provide for her support.

She liked to hear the captain's voice, and for him to hold his hand in hers while he urged his suit, but she continued firm to her resolution. She would be a helpmeet for him some day, she said to herself, if he should renew his proposals at the proper season, but so long as her mother lived she could not marry. It would have been so different if they could have continued where they were. He might have let his own house and taken up his abode in theirs; it would have been only for a few weeks now and then, for he was generally at sea.

"No," she said, at length; "we must not think of it. Some day, perhaps, things may be different, but, but—you and I must be nothing more to each other than friends—dear friends—at present; that is all. And if you will not feel hurt, I think you had better leave me to myself in future, it is so painful, so trying to have to refuse again and again, when—"

"When what, Lucy? When your heart would bid you say 'Yes'?"

She was silent, and he took it for assent.

"Say 'Yes,' then," he pleaded; "it is only for my sake that you refuse: for my sake, I entreat you to say 'Yes'!"

She rose from her seat, pressed her lips firmly together, and, shaking her head, left him.

He looked at her gloomily, feeling that his last hope was gone, and turned away from the house.

"I'll go up to London to-night," he said to him-

self, as he walked away, mortified and half ashamed, he scarcely knew why. "I'll get aboard ship at once, that's the only thing to be done now; I've had my answer."

Mr. Strafford was in the shipyard as he passed through it, and Joshua Dean with him. The latter spoke to him, but he would not stop, and pushed forward with only a passing word.

"That's Captain Broad," said Dean; "he knows your grandson. He commanded the Neptune when Mrs. Howard took passage to India; he knows him very well, and was very fond of him the short time he was aboard."

"Yes," said Mr. Strafford, "he was very kind to my boy. I saw him when he came over to Abbotscliff to inquire after him. I should have liked to shake hands with him."

Joshua called after the captain again, but he neither stopped nor turned to look round.

"Never mind," said the old squire, "I shall see him again soon, no doubt. I do not mean to lose sight of any one who was kind to my boy if I can help it."

That same evening, after his return to Abbotscliff, Mr. Strafford wrote to his solicitor in London, and in the course of a day or two received a reply. Mr. Trimmer thought it was a doubtful case. Everything would turn upon the intention of the testator in making his will—whether he meant to give his widow a lien upon the estate itself or only upon his son. The case was worth trying; he would submit it to counsel and get an opinion upon it. Mr. Strafford did not gather much encouragement from Mr. Trimmer's letter. Many questions were worth trying from a lawyer's point of view which it would be better for their clients to let alone. Counsel's opinion came after a few days, and confirmed all that the solicitor had said. Cases were cited for and against. The result would depend in some measure upon the court, and still more upon the view taken of it by the judge. It was "worth trying." An evident wrong had been done, and theoretically the judicial function ought to set it right. Mr. Strafford decided to go on with it, and went up to London at once to consult with Mr. Trimmer as to the steps which should be taken.

CHAPTER XLIV.—POSSESSED.

The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels.
More gen'rous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts;
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.

—Young.

WHILE Joshua Dean, aided by his new friend, Mr. Strafford, is meditating an attack upon Mr. Chaffin with a view to the recovery of his property at Sandy Frith, the affairs of the company which had taken in hand to convert that primitive little town into a fashionable watering-place are not going on satisfactorily. The Sandy Frith Investment, etc., Company, though it had been started under favourable auspices, had not met with that general and enthusiastic support on the part of the public which the directors had anticipated. A sufficient number of shares had been placed to make a start, and operations had commenced upon the Sandy Frith Estate. It had been calculated by the original promoters that as soon as the scheme should become generally known there would be a great demand for building sites, and that land which had been purchased by the acre would be sold by the yard, bringing imme-

diate funds into the treasury, and so avoiding the necessity of calling up the payments of the shareholders. But the public had not shown sufficient alacrity in adopting the scheme of the directors. There were notices on various parts of the estate and in the newspapers offering most desirable plots of land on building leases, but no one came to lease them or to build on them. Public promenades were laid out, but there was no public to "do them" in the usual fashionable style. The company kept pushing forward its own buildings in order to give the place a start, and Mr. Chaffin, Mr. Oakenshore, and others, kept on steadily with their contracts, giving at regular intervals the most satisfactory reports of the progress of the works, and sending in their little bills, which had to be paid in cash and promptly, or the whole concern would have come to a standstill, and then the outlay already incurred would have been lost. The directors were unanimous in their opinion that as soon as the attractions provided by nature and Mr. Chaffin should become well known there would be a rush of excursionists and visitors to the spot, and property would rise in value. Then, too, the shares would go up, and those who held them would have good reason to congratulate themselves. Louis Darville had been induced to take a large number of shares, and found great difficulty in meeting the calls, which were more frequent than had been anticipated, owing to the expensive nature of the operations which were going on. One of the most serious of these was the boring for water, which had not yet been found. Mr. Chaffin, trusting to his own experience, had selected what he considered the best points for his experiments; but he had made mistakes. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," especially, and perhaps only, when it is not known to be "a little." Men of science had been since called in, and under their direction fresh efforts were being made which promised to be more successful. Truth is said to lie in a well, and therefore these promises would most likely be fulfilled, if only the contractor should be able to bore deep enough, but for the present the bore-hole was, like everything else at Sandy Frith, more promising than productive.

The Sandy Frith Company was, unfortunately, not the only one in which Louis Darville had embarked. He did not appear on the lists of directors, but he was an active promoter of two or three new and important undertakings, from which he expected to realise large profits, with comparatively little risk. The little risk, however, was, to Louis Darville, a great risk in comparison with his resources. The thought of it often kept him away from the counting-house, or rendered him incapable of giving his mind to business when there. At his desk he was generally preoccupied, thinking where he was to get the use of money for his calls, and what would be the consequence if his speculations should turn out, as he sometimes feared they would, disastrously. He had never intended to embark in them so extensively, but, having begun with one company which did not go on well, he took shares in another in the hope of recovering what he had lost, and then, having made one or two fortunate ventures, he was encouraged to attempt others on a large scale. It will be remembered that, in answer to his brother's urgent demand whether he was "straight," Louis Darville had answered "Yes." This was true in one sense, for he could at that moment have balanced his books if

necessary, but he would then have been left penniless, and with heavy liabilities to meet. In a word, he had been playing with money when he had no money to play with; he had anticipated his income by drawing bills, or as it is popularly termed, "flying kites." The kites returned home true to their date, and were renewed, going forth again with enlarged proportions, and coming back the second time like vultures. Operating for the rise is at all times a dangerous process, and especially so for those whose resources are limited: under such circumstances it is scarcely an honest thing, though honest men may sometimes be betrayed into it almost before they are aware.

It was not to be supposed that Louis could be thus involved and thus disturbed in mind without his brother being aware of it. Victor had endeavoured to restrain him more than once, as has been already stated, but had been met in no friendly spirit. Those who are in the wrong are generally impatient of advice, especially when it assumes the form of remonstrance. Victor suffered even more than Louis, though he had nothing to do with the latter's speculations. Mr. Beverley was annoyed at Louis's inattention to business, and visited his displeasure upon Victor, who, when complaints were to be made, was always at hand to receive them. Victor could not continue his visits to Mulberry Lawn while distressed on the one hand with fears for his brother's probity, and on the other by want of cordiality on the part of his principal. Miss Beverley, too, had looked coldly upon him because he could not take her into his confidence or explain to her the cause of his uneasiness. For all this Louis was to blame, and Victor resolved to make one more effort to recover his brother from the perilous position in which he stood, and which was fraught with so much misery to both of them.

He chose an unfortunate time, as it happened, for this friendly effort. Louis had been annoyed by a demand for money, and had been compelled to borrow at exorbitant interest, knowing that if he should fail to repay at the appointed day exposure and ruin must follow. He was therefore in a very bad humour when his brother began once more to speak to him on the subject of his difficulties.

"Mind your own business," he said, "and leave me to mine."

"If I had done that a year ago," said Victor, "you would have been disgraced and your prospects marred for life."

"You need not remind me of it."

"I have only one object in doing so—to warn you against a similar danger now—and I have a right to do that. Did you not promise me that you would not go into these speculations again? I gave you all the money I had to set you straight."

"I wish you had kept it if you are to be always talking about it. I am sorry I ever touched your paltry—"

"Louis!"

"Well, I don't mean that, but you provoke me. No, I don't mean anything of that sort. You don't know how I am worried!"

"Is it beyond the reach of my help this time, Louis?"

"Yes; it will all come right though in a few days."

He turned and looked his brother in the face when he had said this, as if he had only just realised the meaning of his last words.

"Do you mean to say that you would help me again if I wanted it?" he asked.

"I would do it only too gladly if it were possible."

"Victor, you are a trump and I am a villain!"

Victor laid his hand gently upon his brother's shoulder.

"Let me alone," he said, shrinking from the touch; "I seem like one possessed with a devil. I wonder whether such things are real; whether they do happen now as formerly?"

"And I cannot help you?"

"No. Do you think I could allow it again after all that has passed?"

"For my own sake, Louis. You forget how we are linked together—how we stand or fall together."

"Why should that be so? You are not responsible for anything I do."

"Practically, I am; and you know it. If you forfeit your honour and your place in this house I share your misfortune and disgrace; it cannot be otherwise."

Louis sprang to his feet. "Yes," he said; "I do know it. I have known it and felt it all along. But I will do what I can. A week will settle it. If I cannot make all straight by that time I will make a clean breast of it to Beverley and leave the house. I will set you right, Victor, and never trouble you again."

"You cannot set me right," said Victor, "if you are wrong yourself."

"A week; give me a week," said Louis. "That will settle all. A week will make or mar me. Let me alone till this day week, and then I will do anything you wish."

With these words he got up, and taking his hat left the room.

Are men ever possessed by evil spirits now as formerly? Perhaps not; but there is one evil spirit which finds a home in every man's heart, and though cast out a dozen times will return again and take possession of his thoughts, and prompt him to many an unworthy deed. The name of that spirit is "self." Self ruled with almost absolute dominion in Louis Darville's heart; his only thought was how to advance his own interests, how to get on in the world, and to win for himself a position, with comfort and wealth. He was impulsive, and not destitute of natural affection, but selfishness choked and stifled every better feeling. He could sympathise with others in their joys and sorrows, but only when a direct appeal was made to the better emotions of his heart. He took no notice of anything that did not obtrude itself upon his view. He would, if he happened to be in a good humour, stoop to lift up a fallen child, and pause for a moment to comfort it, or relieve with a bountiful and indiscriminate hand a weeping beggar; but it was just as likely that he would thrust the former aside with his foot, if he were in a hurry, or cast a rough word at the other if anything had occurred to ruffle him. He liked to see a friend made happy by a gift, provided the gift were his own; anything that reflected credit or importance upon himself, gave him satisfaction; but the happiness of all the world, if it arose from causes with which he had nothing to do, would have afforded him no pleasure. Louis Darville was of course unconscious of this infirmity. He hated selfishness in others, but his own selfishness was instinctive; it ignored everything and everybody except in its relation, direct or indirect, to himself. If it gratified him to be kind and liberal he would

be kind and liberal; if it raised him in his own esteem to exert himself for others he would do so; but such instances were of rare occurrence, while the more direct incentives of vanity or personal comfort were continually in action. Louis Darville, as well in the trifles of every passing hour as in the weightiest events of a lifetime, was possessed by one ruling spirit, one evil spirit, and that was "self."

This devil had once been almost cast out. Victor's unexpected kindness at the moment of his greatest embarrassment had touched his heart, and made him resolve to be very careful for the future to do nothing which might in any way annoy or be injurious to his brother. His brother, in fact, was to be his mentor, his model, and his first care in everything. He had been quite sincere in that determination; but the impression had soon faded away. The devil had entered into him again, and he had for the second time risked honour, truth, his brother's dearest interests and his own, in reliance upon his own wisdom, and with a view to his own advantage.

Now again he was ashamed of himself, and penitent; now again he had resolved that if he could but tide over the present difficulty he would devote himself freely and unreservedly to business, and recompense his brother. There was to be a meeting of the Sandy Frith Company in a week's time, and then he should know the best or the worst of his position. If he could only have a chance of getting straight once more, he would never go wrong again—of that he was resolved; and in any case he would do everything in his power to release his brother from all share in the consequences of his own default. What-ever might be his own lot, Victor should not suffer for him, or with him—not, at least, if he could help it. It remained to be seen whether he could help it or not.

BACK-GARDEN VISITORS.

DURING our last hard winter my little back garden—yard, perhaps, would be a better word—in the suburbs of London swarmed with birds, eager to pounce on the crumbs and crusts, cold rice and potatoes, bones and scraps of meat thrown out to them. Nine blackbirds at a time (including hens) were to be seen down in the yard; and even more quarrelsome than usual the golden-billed cocks proved themselves, fighting on the ground and leaping up fluttering in the air to fight—and, I am sorry to say, their brown-gowned wives sometimes followed their bad example. Part of the skeleton of a goose, well-picked before it was thrown out, the blackbirds pecked at and hustled about in a most amusing fashion; and one big, bullying cock made a point of leaving the crust or scrap on which he might be feeding, and deliberately shouldering away any of his fellows who attempted to feed in his neighbourhood.

A long real garden stretches behind the little back gardens of our row of houses, which in ordinary weather furnishes blackbirds with a pretty good supply, according to the season, of grubs, worms, snails, chrysalides, etc., although there are not many apples to give them their *dessert* for their meritorious labours in devouring these gardener's pests.

Accordingly, the birds breed about the garden, and very pleasant it is to hear them piping in the morning and the evening dusk—that is, when they will condescend to sing, and in their own voices.

But for the most part they are very lazy. It is not only in summer that the "silver tongue is dry," and when they do sing they are generally—

"hoarse
As when a hawk hawk his wares."

This hoarseness in these birds—the merle being a great mocking-bird—I attribute to their imitation of the harsh scolding of a next-door parrot.

Under the slates of that next-door house a pair of blackbirds nest every year, just at the top of a water-pipe, in company with a colony of sparrows, which slip in and out of the holes left in the side-wall for the ventilation of the loft under the roof, like dingy Londoners in and out of the mouths of their dark courts. The country blackbird's nest is made of grass and roots and clay, plastered with smoother clay inside or lined with finer grass; but I have never seen my suburban neighbours carrying in clay for their housebuilding, although there is plenty of it about. What a different place to lay their spotted bluish-green eggs in from that in which a blackbird's nest rises to my mind's eye! A clump of hazels in a Welsh park, peeping over a rough, mossed, lichened, ivied limestone wall upon a shaded, rocky lane, down which zigzagged a clear, tinkling runlet, between wet-mossy, rounded blocks of stone.

Bigger blackbirds visited us—rooks, probably, from Ken or Highgate Wood, or Lady Burdett Coutts's park. It was time (February) that the seniors were thinking of repairing their old nests, and the juniors of building new ones; but whether the hard weather had made them defer these operations I cannot say.

They looked monsters perched on our little trees, the slim branches of which they bent down. The sparrows did not know what to make of them, but evidently looked upon them as intruders. To show, however, that they are not afraid of them, the saucy mites perch themselves directly beneath them, and take *de bas en haut*, and yet *de haut en bas* sights at the monsters.

It is hard to guess what the rooks came for. During nine winters' residence here I have never seen them on the little trees before. They did not condescend to share our eleemosynary scraps, but alighted and poked about in the long garden of which I have spoken, though surely in the iron-binding frosts that we had it must have been as hard for them to find earthworms, cockchafer grubs, and field mice there as in the haunts from which they came. Fortunately they had no wives waiting at home, upon their twig-and-grass-cradled blotched-green eggs, for tidbits before they can resume the purring croaks to which their attentive lords so lovingly respond.

Now and then we had a robin amongst our visitors, but I think not so frequently as in milder winters. A titmouse often made his appearance. I saw him on the roof of the scullery, pecking away at a bone, which bigger flesh-relishing birds, although bold enough to light upon the ground, had been afraid to touch, because within close eyeshot of a first-floor window. Tit finished off his dinner with some little bits of cheese which for days the other birds, sparrows included, had left untasted. All the birds have turned an almost scornfully cold shoulder upon cold potatoes, so long as there was anything else for them to get. When water has run out under the scullery door into the frozen yard most of the birds have made a rush to it.

A solitary, stray starling, and bright-eyed, bold thrushes—the latter looking like smart young men of the last century, in their smooth brown coats and speckled waistcoats—were also on our visiting list: the thrushes three and four at a time.

But the sparrows were, of course, the most numerous. All round about they build. In the breeding season, ever and anon, down comes and smashes one of their spotted white eggs—perhaps ejected from the nest by a felonious neighbour abstracting its material—or an unfledged, wide-mouthed nestling drops gaping; and afterwards, when the young ones have begun to try their wings, every now and then one tumbles down the chimney like an inexperienced little sweep.

Bold at all times, during the hard weather the

sparrows have, save when prowling cats were in the way, shown themselves almost totally devoid of fear. They have leaped into windows, and tapped with their bills upon the panes to call attention to their wants. They have to rise up like barnyard fowls to snatch scattered crumbs, and scarcely take more trouble than pigeons to get out of the way of human feet.

It has been prime fun to see two of them at a time tugging away at a crust like rival porters at a passenger's portmanteau, and to note the insolent coolness with which every now and then one has swooped down upon and carried off for his own repast upon a distant roof that big scrap on which another has been engaged, the robber staggering along with his spoil like a ship "down by the head."

R. R.

AUSTRALIAN NOTES.

BY GEORGE BENNETT, M.D., F.L.S., AUTHOR OF "GATHERINGS OF A NATURALIST IN AUSTRALASIA."

III.—LAUNCESTON—MELBOURNE—ADELAIDE.

AFTER a day's rest I took the coach to travel by night to Launceston. There I visited a little shop in Brisbane Street, to purchase some shell necklaces. These very ornamental necklaces are in great demand in Sydney and the other Australian colonies as presents. The smaller species of elenchus (*Elenchus irisodontes*) is most generally used, as most suitable for the necklaces, and it is, when cleaned, very rich and brilliant in the display of a golden green, varied by the iridescent tints of purple and rose-colour. In their natural state these shells are covered by an olive-coloured, shining epidermis, over which is a tinge of reddish-brown. The larger sort (*Elenchus badius*) are used mounted in gold for ear-rings, displaying, when cleaned, the same rich and brilliant colours. I consider, however, on an examination of a number of recent specimens of all sizes, that they constitute one species only (*Elenchus roseus*), in various stages of growth, and are all procured in the same locality. There was also a number of the Tasmanian trigonia (*Trigonia margaritacea*) of larger size, but not of such beautiful tints as the interior of the valves of our species found at Port Jackson (*Trigonia Lamarckii*), which, although smaller in size, are richer in colour. The trigonias are dredged in sandy mud at depths from six to fourteen fathoms. There were also some necklaces formed of a very minute brown shell from the same locality—it was the *Truncatella truncatula*. This shell, until very recently, was considered by conchologists to be very rare.

I was also shown a collection of salted or pickled petrels, called mutton birds by the colonists (*Puffinus brevicaudatus*), and sold at twopence each. They are eaten by many people, who boil them with potatoes, and the flavour is that of a white herring. My informant had just purchased Little Dog Island in Bass's Strait from the Government for one pound the acre. The island consisted of 280 acres. The great value of this and the other islands adjacent was from the "mutton birds," which are made an article of commerce. The mutton birds, or short-tailed petrels, are about the size of a pigeon, and are often seen at sea in immense flocks; they resort to the islands in

Bass's Strait to breed about the month of October. They burrow in the ground, and lay one egg. The burrows are often the resort of snakes. A large number of these birds are annually destroyed for the sake of their feathers, oil, and also for food; for the latter they are skinned, salted, pickled, and dried for sale. These birds are found in great numbers at Great and Little Dog Islands, Green and Amity Islands, in Bass's Strait. The other islands are rented by various persons for the purpose of collecting birds, etc. The elenchus shells are collected from the kelp or seaweed at all these islands. The time for collecting them is at ebb tide, when the sea is calm. During three days in every month the tide is unusually low, at which time the shells can be obtained in greater quantities.

I subsequently visited the smelting works of the Tin Mining Company. The ore obtained sometimes yields from sixty to seventy-five per cent. and upwards, and some surface-lode tin yields from fifty-five to sixty per cent. A large quantity of the smelted ore is shipped to England *via* Melbourne. Mount Bischoff, from whence a large proportion of the ore is obtained, has an altitude of 2,500 feet above the level of the sea, although some make the altitude higher. The procuring the ore was attended with great difficulties from the dense forests about it and the almost impenetrable barriers formed by the "horizontal scrub," as it has been named (the *Anodopetalum biglandulosum*), from its peculiar style of growth, which renders it difficult to form effective roads for transporting the ore when obtained, and materially add to the cost of working this rich mine.

There is a public library in Launceston, which is opened free from two to six p.m. and from seven till ten p.m. There is a well laid out botanical, or rather public garden close to the town, which is adorned with some handsome fountains, and seemed to be well frequented as a favourite promenade.

As my notes have chiefly a botanical purpose, I must pass quickly over some incidents of my journey from Hobart Town. I returned again to Melbourne, where I had a further opportunity of inspecting the city and its public institutions. Amongst other

places I visited the "Treasury Gardens." It appears that but a few years ago this blooming garden was a mere dépôt for rubbish of all kinds, and was intended to be sold for building purposes. When the arrival of the Duke of Edinburgh was expected, it was determined by the Government to have it laid out and planted for the recreation of the public. The gardens are now kept in excellent order, and although only a few years have elapsed since they were planned, the trees have attained some size and vigorous growth.

I was surprised to see the luxuriant and healthy

and the trees and plants were selected from the Botanical Gardens by the excellent taste and judgment of that distinguished botanist, Baron Von Mueller. Noble elms and the *Pinus insignis* formed fine avenues. Statuary, fountains, and rock-work adorn the gardens, and are met with in every turn in the walks. The flower-beds at the edges of the paths, which in every part are protected by an iron fence, are in excellent order. The walks are well laid out, and the whole is in the best style of landscape gardening. The statues are models of those most celebrated, both ancient and modern.



POST-OFFICE AND TOWN HALL, ADELAIDE.

growth of the silk oak, or silver-tree, of Moreton Bay (*Grevillea robusta*), so well naturalised in this part of Australia. English elms and Northern Australia *Grevilleas* were growing well together, one typically European, the other tropical. The silk oak is very handsome, with its elegant fern-like foliage of dull green above and silky and silvery underneath; it is of quick growth, and usually tall, straight, and branchy, attaining the height of from 50 to 80 feet. When in full bloom it has a rich and brilliant appearance, with its bright orange-coloured flowers in large dense spikes contrasted by the delicate fern-like beauty of the foliage. The timber has a fine grain, and is extensively used for staves for casks and also for cabinet work.

Passing across a road, I entered the older and more extensive and elegant public recreation grounds called the "Fitzroy Gardens," which are not only highly creditable to Melbourne, but in my opinion not to be surpassed by any city in Europe. They were planned and laid out by Mr. Clement Hodgkinson, formerly surveyor-general of the colony of Victoria;

I also visited the University, and went over the Medical and Anatomical School. The University is a building of some extent, but from the great annual increase of students, additions had become necessary. A noble hall, similar to the one in the University of Sydney, was much wanted; and I was pleased to hear that Mr. Wilson (now Sir Samuel Wilson), of Ercildoon, Victoria, had generously given £30,000 for the erection of a hall worthy of the status of the university.

From Melbourne I made my way to Adelaide. We had fine weather, but a heavy swell occasioned by an easterly gale, which continued all day and during the night. In due course I caught sight of Mount Shanck and Mount Gambier in the distance, and we soon arrived in the Bay of Port McDonnell, at which there is a small but thriving township. This is the port for a rich agricultural district; the guide for the anchorage is to bring into one line the Mounts of Shanck and Gambier.

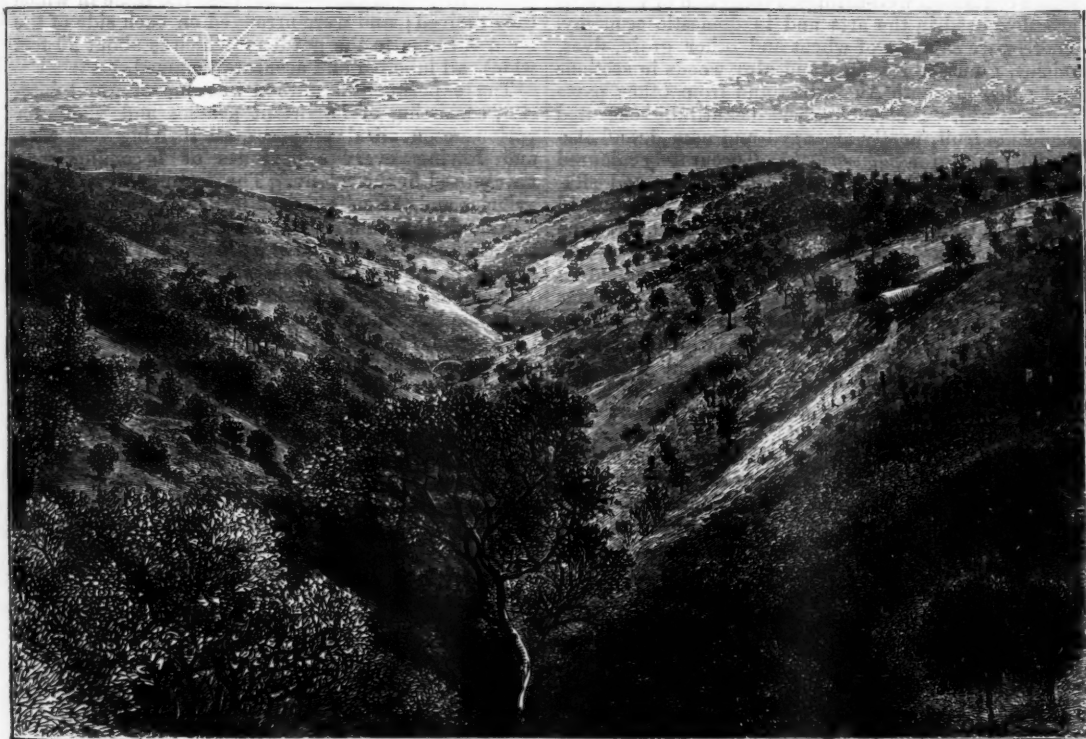
After landing cargo and passengers, and taking more on board, we set forward again. The next day

was fine, and several albatrosses were about, and petrels were also seen—one, the white-headed petrel (*Procellaria lessonii*), and another, the blue petrel (*Procellaria carulea*).

With a fresh breeze from the north-east, we steamed up the Gulf of St. Vincent. The land we passed was of some elevation, but very scantily wooded. Threading our way by a tortuous passage of low mangrove (*Avicennia tomentosa*) swamps, we arrived at Port Adelaide just after dark.

On arrival I received a kind letter from the director of the Adelaide Botanic Gardens, announcing that I had been elected an honorary member of the Adelaide Club. There subsequently I took up my quarters. In the evening I went to the Literary Institute to hear a lecture by one of the university professors of Adelaide, the subject of which was "Greek Literature."

are erected in the small gardens or greenplots at the rear of the Government offices, the Adelaide Club, and other buildings, both public and private. The shops in the principal thoroughfares are characterised by an extensive display of well-assorted goods, indicative of wealth and industry. The streets are of great length, some of them extending for one or two miles; they are for the most part planted with trees. Grote Street, extending two miles in length, is almost exclusively planted with the elegant Moreton Bay fig (*Ficus macrophylla*); but an extraordinary method of planting these trees prevails over the whole of the city—that is, of planting them on the pathways instead of in the road on each side of the broad streets. The obstruction and eventually the destruction of the pathways by the roots must naturally result. The planting of trees in a climate hot for the greater part of the year, like that



WATERFALL GULLY, NEAR ADELAIDE.

Adelaide is situated on undulating land on the banks of the River Torrens, seven and a half miles from Port Adelaide by the railway. The city is situated on an elevation overlooking the level country towards the Gulf of St. Vincent, with the Mount Lofty ranges forming a fine and picturesque background. The River Torrens appeared to me at this, the autumnal season of the year, more a series of ponds, varying in depth, than a river; but when the rain descends heavily it becomes swollen by the numerous streams issuing from the several glens.

The streets of Adelaide are very wide, and intersect each other at right angles. The public buildings are substantial and elegant structures, excepting the House of Assembly, which is unworthy of this fine city. Public fountains are very numerous, and some

of Adelaide, is highly commendable, but to plant trees that attain a great size, such as *Ficus macrophylla*, *Sterculia heterophylla*, *Grevillea robusta*, *Melia Australis*, and others, in this way, is destructive to pathways; and their removal must be a great expense to the city at no very distant period of time. These large trees, planted on each side of the road, forming a Boulevard, would afford a delightful shade, most of them being evergreens at all seasons of the year, and prove most useful and ornamental. There are several fine and extensive park reserves in the vicinity of the city, which are now in course of being laid out and planted for the recreation of the public.

North and South Adelaide are divided by the River Torrens, which is crossed by a strong bridge. The land in the vicinity of the city appears rich, and

there are some beautiful views to be obtained from the higher ground. Elegant mansions and pretty villas are numerous, all adorned by gardens rich in the display of floral beauty, and by a variety of luscious fruits in the appropriate seasons of the year. The parks are planted with a variety of trees, both indigenous and exotic.

I visited the Botanical Gardens, and called upon the director, whom I found in the garden. The aviaries were distributed over various parts of the gardens, and contained exotic birds, as well as others from various parts of Australia, both ornamental and birds for acclimatisation in the colony. There was a noble range of glasshouses, filled with a fine display of floral treasures from all parts of the world. In the orchid house I observed an excellent collection of healthy, well-grown plants. The fern-house also contained a beautiful collection. Adjoining is a curious structure of rustic wood-work, the Museum, which contains a well-arranged collection of vegetable products used in the arts and in domestic economy. There were samples of wheat and other grain, dyes, raisins, gums, fibres, etc., and also woods in sections and polished, both Australian and from other parts of the world. I also observed beautifully executed models of fruit, neatly arranged and named, and also models of fungi in *papier maché*, all accurately coloured from nature. Chinese grass, cloth, fibre, and silk, with cocoons, etc., were also exhibited. The Botanical Garden is well laid out, and the walks well arranged and kept in excellent order, and the beauty of the garden is increased by the judicious arrangement of casts of modern and antique statues. The gardens are situated on the banks of the Torrens. I observed a fine avenue of the *Pinus insignis*, which had been planted nine years; the trees were now about 50 feet high. One part of the garden, to the extent of about two acres, is set apart for a natural arrangement of plants, forming a class ground, in which, under the two great divisions of *Monocotyledons* and *Dicotyledons*, are represented all the families of the vegetable kingdom; and in the centre is a cistern with fountain, in which the genera of water-plants will be placed. This movement is in the right direction, forming a botanic garden not only as a place for public recreation, but for the education of the people in the knowledge of botany and arboriculture. In this portion of the garden, plants from all parts of the world, as well as those indigenous to Australia, will be arranged, as far as possible, according to their natural affinities, whilst the more delicate species will be displayed in hothouses or conservatories. An arboretum of hardy trees from all parts of the world may be planted in such arrangement as to serve the purpose of both ornament and science. The pink variety of the pampas grass was planted at different points, and when observed at a distance the colour was seen distinctly, but when close to it the pink tinge was not so visible; it was planted principally on the little islands on the lakes, in which white swans and various other kinds of water-fowl were swimming about. The buildings of the old Lunatic Asylum and the General Hospital are on each side of the gardens. In the Pinetum I noticed many species, all of the greatest interest; several were growing luxuriantly, and were evidently naturalised, while others had as yet not been acclimatised. Many of the indigenous gum-trees (*Eucalypti*) had been suffered to remain on the ground; some were old and hollow in the trunk, although still in fine foliage.

I observed a pretty little China rose (*Rosa macranta*), much used, both here and in Tasmania, as a dwarf hedge or edging for borders in the gardens.

The Rosary is extensive, but the season for that "queen of flowers" had passed. Judging from the few of the later kinds, the beauty and richness of colour was well displayed—indeed, in these gardens, whether in roses or in the multitude of other flowers shown, the hues of those of temperate climates blend charmingly with the vivid primary colours of the tropical flora. The roses were grown as standards, and consisted of several hundred varieties. In the centre of the Rosary is a small but fine bronze equestrian statue of the "Amazon attacked by a Tiger," copied from the celebrated statue by Kiss, of Berlin.

Amongst many other things of interest, I inspected a large collection of *cacti* recently received. They consisted of more than 500 different species, all placed in pots in cases—I suppose the same in which they arrived; and were arranged on each side of the main entrance to the gardens (which is about 20 feet wide), all labelled and accurately named.

The experimental garden was one of great interest, consisting of important grasses and plants for various economical purposes, all thriving very well, and having every appearance of becoming soon naturalised in the colony. The arrangement of the aviaries and the collection of birds were excellent.

Among the animals was that remarkable gibbon, the agile gibbon (*Hylobates agilis*), remarkable for its agility, in which it surpasses all the monkey tribe. Its voice is also remarkable, and it has been named in Adelaide the "singing monkey." It produces a very loud sound, capable of being set to musical notes, coming to an abrupt conclusion by a couple of barks in octaves. Martin, in his "Natural History of Monkeys," remarks:—"The voice of this gibbon is extraordinary, not only for its power and volume, but for the succession of graduated tones in which its cry is uttered. In a room it is overpowering and deafening; it consists of a repetition of the syllables oo-ah, oo-ah, at first distinctly repeated, and ascending in the scale, but at last ending in a shake consisting of a quick vibrating series of descending notes, during which the whole of the animal's frame quivers with the effort to produce them. After this she appears to be greatly excited, and violently shakes the netting or the branch to which she may be clinging, which action being finished, she again traverses her cage, uttering the preliminary syllables oo-ah, oo-ah, till the shake again concludes the series. It is principally in the morning that the animal thus exerts this modulated cry, which is probably its natural call to its mate, and which from its strength is well calculated for resounding through the vast forests." This animal was a great attraction to the inhabitants of Adelaide, and I regretted after I left to hear that it had died.

I visited the Town Hall, Post-office, Supreme Court, Government Offices, Parliament Houses, the squares, and the exterior of churches of various denominations, in which Adelaide abounds; indeed it appears to be a city of churches. The squares are planted with trees, and among them I saw the European olive bearing a profusion of fruit. The olive thrives well, and is most prolific in this colony in all its different varieties, and grows in the greatest luxuriance; the expressed oil is sold at ten shillings the gallon.

I was taken over the postal and telegraphic departments by the assistant-superintendent, who kindly explained to us all the working of the telegraph. We first sent a message to Alice Springs, and having ascertained the line was clear, a message was sent to Port Darwin (the line being stopped at Alice Springs to enable us to send our message to Port Darwin), a distance of 1,973 miles, and a reply was made in less than one minute. The distance to Alice Springs is 1,036 miles. We afterwards inspected the printing of the stamps, and the ingenious machine used for their perforation, which performs the work with great accuracy. The new Post and Telegraph-office was designed in 1867 by Mr. R. G. Thomas, colonial architect. The style is Anglo-Italian, with Doric columns in the lower and Ionic in the upper storey, with a bold cornice, entablature, and balustrade at the top. A square tower at the south-east angle rises 158 feet high, and supports a flag-staff and lightning-rod.

All the houses and public buildings in Adelaide are built of a good kind of stone procured from the vicinity; the land about the city is undulating, and from various parts some very pretty views are obtainable, and at this season of the year the autumnal tint of the vegetation added to their beauty. On our return we walked through one of the parks at North Adelaide, which was only partially laid out; but a great portion of the park lands about the city remain in a very primitive state.

The vicinity of Adelaide is exceedingly picturesque, and most of the mansions and villas have gardens attached to them, with an abundance of fruit-trees and flowering shrubs.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

THE founding of St. Paul's School is associated with some of the most interesting events of English history. Its creation dates from the dawn of the English renaissance of literature, of which important epoch it forms a landmark, almost as conspicuous, and quite as noteworthy, as that presented by some of the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. Properly to appreciate the position that this school has held among the great foundation seminaries for the space of more than three hundred years, we must glance backwards at the state of learning in England in the latter part of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries. That period will be always memorable in the annals of Christendom as marking the time when the learned Erasmus, in the full vigour of his manhood, was contending against the corrupt learning and mischievous traditions of the schoolmen, and aiming at that splendid goal to which, happily, he ultimately attained, the revival of letters in our ancient Universities. Writing to one of his favourite pupils, in the last year of the fifteenth century, Erasmus thus summed up the general character of the clergy of his day, be it remarked, at that time, the one lettered class of the community:—"I have nothing to say," wrote he, "against the profession of divinity, which I entirely love and honour, but only against the mongrel divines of the present generation, a sort of wretched creatures whose brains are rotten, their language barbarous, their apprehension dull and stupid, their knowledge abstruse and knotty, their manners very rough, their lives a mere scene of hypocrisy, their speech virulent,

and their hearts black as hell." With unflinching devotion Erasmus directed his efforts towards the intellectual regeneration of these men. He became the apostle of the new learning in England, the advocate of the study of classical literature in its most pure form, unchanged from the written language of the older Hebrew, Greek, and Roman writers themselves. His own profound scholarship and earnestness in the pursuit of knowledge enabled him the more readily to accomplish the great ends which he sought to attain.

A violent struggle, however, was for some time maintained against the innovations he introduced by the generality of those who had been educated in the old system of the Churchmen. Partly from extreme ignorance and illiteracy, and partly from self-interest, the great majority of the English clergy did all in their power to thwart the teaching of Erasmus and his followers. It is related that an English prelate of the period, "esteemed among the most eminent for his learning and gravity," in a great public assembly censured one of the University doctors in the severest terms for suffering the Latin poets to be taught in his seminary, which, on that account, the bishop styled a house of idolatry. Of the original Greek historians and poets no better appreciation was shown, and the Greek Scriptural writings were deemed to be heretical. The famous Testament of Erasmus, which appeared in 1516, and which may be said to have proceeded from the bosom of the ancient Church itself, was believed to be an invention of his own with the view of establishing a new religion. This volume, which was presently to be so joyously welcomed as the hallowed text-book of the faith of the Reformers, was actually proscribed by the authorities of the Universities, and a severe fine was denounced against any member who should be detected with the book in his possession.

The following anecdote somewhat amusingly illustrates the degenerateness of learning in England in the first few years of Henry the VIII's reign, just at the time when Erasmus was making the greatest stir among the schoolmen. The king happened to be residing at the royal manor of Woodstock when one of the University preachers was called over to preach before him. The divine took occasion in his discourse (inopportunistically as it turned out, but doubtless thinking it would be to the benefit of the Church which he served) to rail against the Greek learning in general, and especially against the new interpretations set upon the Scriptures by the writings of Erasmus. The king, who was a scholar of some pretensions himself, was greatly offended. After the sermon he sent for the preacher, and there and then appointed a solemn disputation to be held before him, in which the divine might oppose, and Sir Thomas More should defend, the use of the Greek tongue. The meeting took place in due course, and More began (so it is related) with an eloquent appeal in favour of its study; the preacher, taking no pains to contest what was spoken, fell upon his knees and besought Henry's pardon for giving offence, excusing himself on the plea that what he had said was at the direct instigation of the Spirit. "Not the Spirit of Christ," bluntly answered the king; "but the spirit of infatuation." Had he ever read any of the Greek writings of Erasmus? inquired the monarch. The divine was forced to reply, "No." "Why, then, you are a very foolish fellow," continued Henry, "to censure what you have never read." At length the

preacher, trusting to clear himself from the unpleasant predicament in which he was placed, declared that now he had listened to More's learned apology he had become the more reconciled to the Greek tongue, "because," said he, "I perceive it is derived from the Hebrew." The king sat amazed, runs the story, at the man's ignorance. With ill-concealed anger he dismissed him, and commanded that he should never again preach before his sovereign.

As may be supposed, the authority and influence of Henry were of the greatest importance in supporting Erasmus against his numerous and powerful opponents. In fact, but for Henry's passive aid, sometimes more actively given at the solicitation of Sir Thomas More, one of Erasmus's most devoted personal friends, the intellectual growth of England which was so essential to the cause of the Reformation must have abated, if not ceased altogether, under the adverse pressure of clerical bigotry and ignorance directed against it from all quarters.

One man who helped as much as any Englishman of Henry's time to stem the stormy current of abuse and misconception levelled against the teachings of Erasmus was John Colet. He was the son of a well-to-do mercer and citizen of London (twice elected to be its chief magistrate), and born in the fifth year of Edward the Fourth's reign. Heir to an ample patrimony, which came to him in his youth, he turned it to profitable account by entering with great eagerness upon the acquirement of knowledge. He went to Oxford, where he ardently studied logic, philosophy, and the appointed literature of the schools, and afterwards betook himself to the European continent, in order to ripen his learning by reading in the foreign Universities. Subsequently, returning to Oxford, he there became one of the most powerful and steadfast of those upholding the new order of things originated by Erasmus. In John Colet we have a man who was one of the giant guiding spirits of the Reformation era. His wealth, advantages of birth, and other social associations, might have allured him towards the inviting society of the court, to which his father had been admitted; but his nobler aspirations weaned him from the frivolities of life to take part in the great work which was to culminate in the emancipation of the English Church from the thralldom of the Papacy. Even as a very young man he bore a part in the instruction of the members of the University of Oxford. Without fee or reward he read there public lectures by way of exposition on the Epistles of St. Paul; and though he was not at that time capable of receiving any degree, yet, says an old writer, "there was not a Doctor or Abbot or other dignitary in the Church but lent an attentive ear to the doctrines he advanced." And, very pertinently, adds the chronicler, "though the novelty of these public exercises might possibly at first have procured him a crowded audience, yet nothing could have kept the numbers up but the more than common abilities of the performer." Colet had been educated, like his forerunners, in all the reigning Romish superstitions, but gradually he threw them off as his judgment became more matured. Erasmus and he became firm and loving friends at Oxford. "Farewell, dear Colet, thou best of men, the ornament of this University, and my singular delight and pleasure," writes Erasmus, affectionately, to his gifted disciple on the latter's setting forth for London, there to continue his labours.

Preferment came to Colet on the asking, and shortly after proceeding to the honourable degree of Doctor in Divinity, he was appointed Dean of the cathedral church of St. Paul, in London. Now he began to put to practical use the doctrines that he had so carefully and perseveringly studied and expounded in the University. At all hazards, he was resolved to preach the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things, to accept of no man's narrow interpretations of the Scriptures, but to put plainly before the people what he himself thought and knew of the gospel's teaching, and to recommend them more earnestly to study it for themselves.

With such eminent success did he work upon his flock, that the bigoted enthusiasts of the old doctrine began to grow alarmed. They had no notion of permitting the people to think for themselves. Nevertheless, Colet sturdily fought his way, inch by inch, with rare circumspection, weaning his hearers very gradually from the absurd and idolatrous proceedings of the Church of Rome. Unwittingly, he was laying the corner-stone of the foundations of the English Reformation. For his preaching he narrowly escaped a prosecution for heresy, set in motion by Fitzjames, Bishop of London, from which he was saved by Henry. The alleged offences were, first, opposition to image-worship; secondly, in contending that the exhortation to Peter, "Feed my sheep," had no carnal signification; thirdly, that he inveighed against the frigid and idle disquisitions which priests were then in the habit of delivering under the names of sermons. The real sin, however, in the estimation of his persecutors, was the opening of the people's eyes by reading publicly in the cathedral, Sunday after Sunday, the Epistles of St. Paul according to the original version instead of adulterated by the jargon accepted by the schoolmen. Colet was somewhat in danger of being directed openly to recant, or else of paying the appointed penalty of heresy, which was burning at the stake. From these dangers the favour of Henry shielded him. The king, with the lord-cardinal at his elbow, was sufficient barrier to the ecclesiastical sway of Fitzjames. Colet went to his rest in peace, having first founded, under shadow of his cathedral, a seminary, which, though instituted long before the Reformation was completed, may, with the strictest propriety, be termed the first Protestant school that England could boast of.

"Desiring nothing more" (recites the Prologus to the statutes of St. Paul's School) "than the education and bringing-up of children in good manners and literature," Dean Colet caused his school to be begun at the east end of St. Paul's Church. In devout language he dedicated it to the "Honour of Christe Jesu in pueritia, and of his blessed mother Mary." One hundred and fifty-three—according to the number of fish taken by St. Peter (John xxi. 1)—was the statutable number of children to be admitted, and these "of all nations and countries indifferently." Having perfected his scheme, he conveyed certain estates, by way of endowment, "to the most honest and faithful Fellowship of the Mercers of London" (doubtless from a desire to honour his father's memory), appointing them "patrons, defenders, governors, and rulers" of the school. He then addressed a petition to Henry, praying for his Letters Patent as solemn ratification of the deed. The king's consent was forthwith given, and in the year 1512 the school was opened for the reception of scholars. The Dean now drafted with his own pen the qualifi-

ocations for the High Mastership of his school. It will be interesting to state, in the quaint language of Colet himself, what those qualifications were. The High Master, in doctrine, learning, and teaching, was to direct the whole school. He was to be a man "hoole in body, honest, and vertuous, and lerned in good, and cleane Latin literature" (herein the Dean displayed his own particular partiality for the purer Latin style), "and also Greke if such may be gotten." Even Colet's scholarship had not carried him so far as an acquaintance with Greek literature in its original form. Although accounted one of the best educated men of his time, he, during his seven years of studentship at Magdalen College, Oxford, had only acquired a knowledge of the Greek authors through the medium of Latin translations. It was to be feared that Colet would experience insurmountable difficulty in obtaining the right sort of man for the High Mastership. In perplexity he had recourse to his "dear Erasmus," who forthwith recommended for the post, for his profound acquaintance with the Greek and Latin languages, William Lilly, who happens to have been the first of Englishmen who ever publicly taught Greek in this country. He taught it to the children of St. Paul's School. Lilly having been eagerly selected by Colet, the Mercers assembled in the School House, elected him to the office, and delivered to him his charge in this wise:—"Sir, we have chosen you to be Master and teacher of this school, to teach the children of the same not only good literature, but also good manners, certifying you that there is no room of continuance and perpetuity but upon your duty in the school." He was warned that, at Candlemas of every year, "when the Mercers be assembled in the School House," he would be expected to submit himself and his conduct for the year past to their examination; and if found doing his duty he would be re-elected to office, otherwise he would be warned to depart, and make room for another. By way of an assistant in the school a Sur-Master—"a man virtuous in living and well lettered"—was appointed. To both Masters free lodging was accorded, and the yearly gift decreed of a "lyvery gowne of iiii nobles, delivered in cloth," a custom perpetuated, be it remarked, in the present annual gift made by the Mercers' Company to the Head and Second Masters of St. Paul's School of an academic gown of silk. A mark a week for the High Master, and *vis. 8d.* for the Sur-Master, was considered by Dean Colet sufficient stipend for each. The spiritual instruction of the scholars was committed to the care of a Priest, "a good, honest, and virtuous man," who was directed to sing Mass in the chapel of the school and pray daily that the children "might prosper in good life and literature, to the honour of God and our Lord Christ Jesu."

Touching what should be taught in his school, the Dean confessed that it "passed his wit to devise and determine in particular." But, in general, he charged Lilly that his scholars were to be taught always in good literature, both Latin and Greek, "and good authors, such as have the very Roman eloquence joined with wisdom, especially Christian authors who wrote their wisdom with clean and chaste Latin, either in verse or prose." For, wrote Colet, "my intent is by this score specially to increase knowledge, and worshipping of God and our Lord Christ Jesu, and good Christian life and manners in the children." He hoped that his brood of young scholars, when they came to years of discretion,

might be able to understand and appreciate the written precepts of the gospel for themselves. In this way they might become young evangelists, taking the place of those old and well-tried apostles of the Reformation who had gone to their rest. The works of Tully, Sallust, Cicero, Virgil, and Terence, the children were particularly enjoined to read, together with those of the chief Greek poets, orators, and historians. And Lilly was to be careful to expound to them a book "which that learned Erasmus made at my request," writes Lilly: "*Institutum Christiani Hominis*,"—literally translated, "A Guide for the Christian."

As boys offered themselves, no matter where they came from, so long, at least, as they could say the Church Catechism and read and write, they were to be admitted by the High Master. "If your child," recites the instructions which Lilly was to deliver to a boy's parents, "can read Latin and English sufficiently so that he be able to read and write his own lesson, then he shall be admitted into the school for a scholar. If your child, after reasonable season proved, be here found inapt and unable to learning, then ye warned thereof shall take him away, that he occupy not our room in vain." The number of seats in the school was absolutely limited to the hundred and fifty-three before mentioned, and it was essential that no dunce or laggard should prevent the admission of a lad more likely to profit by the school teaching. It is interesting to note the connection between this judicious rule and the same kind of statute framed by John Lyon, regulating the admission of children to his Free Grammar School at Harrow. So identical is the wording in the two that it almost seems as if John Lyon had studied Dean Colet's statutes before drawing up his own. The following rule formed by Colet offers a similar coincidence, as in substance it happens to be embodied in the original statutes of one, if not two, of the great foundation schools. In no time of the year (Colet instructed Lilly) were tallow candles to be used in St. Paul's School, but only wax candles, and these were to be furnished at the cost of the children's parents. Being a day school only, the scholars were expressly prohibited from carrying meat, drink, or bottle to school. If, after school-hours, they needed refreshment, they were to go elsewhere. "I will," wrote the Dean, "that they use no cock-fighting, nor rydinge about of victorie" (whatever that may mean; possibly some rough and rude school-game in vogue at the time), "nor disputing at St. Bartholomew, which is but foolish babbling, and loss of time. I will also that they have no remedies (play days)." If the Master granted any holiday except at the desire of the king, or an archbishop or bishop present in person at the school, then, as often as he did so, he was to forfeit forty shillings. Every Childermas the children were enjoined to walk in solemn procession with the Masters and other officials to the cathedral, to hear the Child-Bishop sermon, and to attend the Mass afterwards, when each scholar was to present the Child-Bishop with one penny. It will be interesting to read the following account of this ceremony, which Strype has given in his "*Memorials Ecclesiastical under Queen Mary*:" "Because the way of celebrating St. Nicholas Day is so odd and strange," he writes, "let me add a word or two explanatory of it. The memory of this saint and Bishop Nicholas was thus solemnised by a child,

the better to remember the holy man, even when he was a child, and his childlike virtues when he became a man. The Popish festival tells us that while he lay in his cradle he fasted Wednesdays and Fridays, sucking but once a day on those days. And his meekness and simplicity, the proper virtues of children, he maintained from his childhood as long as he lived; and therefore, saith the festival, children do him worship before all other saints. The Boy-Bishop, or St. Nicholas, was commonly one of the choristers, and therefore in the old offices was called *Episcopus Choristarum*, Bishop of the Choristers, and chosen by the rest to this honour. But afterwards there were many St. Nicholases, and every parish almost had his St. Nicholas; and from this St. Nicholas Day to Innocents Day at night the boy bore the name of a bishop and the state and habit too, wearing the mitre and pastoral staff, and the rest of the pontifical attire, nay, and reading the holy offices. While he went in procession he was much feasted and treated by the people, as it seems much valuing his blessing, which made them so fond of keeping this holiday." It was kept with all due ceremonial at St. Paul's Church in Colet's time; and his scholars, and the scholars of the neighbouring Grey Friars, now Christ's Hospital, every Childermas walked two and two, headed by their respective Masters, to render homage to the Bishop of the Choristers.

Colet's school was, strictly speaking, a Free School, though it is not so named, we believe, in any original document setting forth the designs of the foundation. It was stipulated that a child on his first admission should pay 4d. "for writing of his name," no doubt for the act of registering him as a scholar, which sum by the way was set apart as a gift to the poor scholar who daily swept the schoolroom and kept the seats clean. Beyond this small payment, no money was to be asked of parents for their sons' instruction. The statutes of Colet make no allusion whatever to permission being granted the High and Sur-Masters to instruct any but the statutable number of children given in to their charge; and so it has come about that, from the year 1512 to the date of the passing of the Public Schools' Acts in the present decade, no scholars "foreign" to the foundation have been admitted to St. Paul's School. The yearly value of the lands with which Colet endowed his school was estimated by Stow in 1598 to be "£120 or better;" these lands are now producing, annually, nearer £20,000. The Public Schools Commissioners, very properly, came to the determination that this splendid income ought in the present day to educate more than 153 children. They therefore recommend to Parliament that very important alterations should be made in the constitution of Dean Colet's foundation; the most material of these are that St. Paul's School shall henceforth comprise:

1. A School, to be called St. Paul's School, divided into two departments, one of which shall be a Classical department for about 500 boys, and the other a Modern department for about 500 boys.

2. A School or Schools, to be called Dean Colet's School or Schools, for not less than 400 girls in all.

No time has been lost in giving effect to an Order in Council embodying these changes; and the readers of this publication will be glad to learn that sixteen acres of land have been secured by the Governors near the Addison Road Station of the Metropolitan Railway, on which St. Paul's School, the modern

reproduction of Dean Colet's famous foundation, which has existed for more than three centuries "at the east end of Paules Church," is now being built.

For years the system of admitting boys to St. Paul's School was one of simple patronage vested in the Worshipful Company of Mercers, who, in passing, we may say, do not seem to have had a vestige of authoritative right to this office. According to the statutes of Dean Colet, so long as there was a vacant seat in the school, any boy, of whatever nation or country he might be, who could read or write—as we have already pointed out—was to be admitted on application to the High Master. This duty, under the new scheme, once more reverts to him; and henceforth any parent who wishes to send a son to St. Paul's School can be sure of his being admitted without any delay on application to that gentleman. It is satisfactory to be able to record this beneficial change from the old plan of "nomination," which it is only right, however, to say, was, in general, judiciously and charitably exercised by "the most honest and faithful Fellowship of the Mercers of London." It is related that, when Dean Colet was asked why he had left his foundation in trust to laymen as tenants of his father rather than to an ecclesiastical society, he answered, "There is no absolute certainty in human affairs, but for my part I have found less corruption in such a body of citizens than in any other order or degree of mankind."

It has been rightly said that few public schools can claim to have educated more men who figure prominently in English history than St. Paul's School. At the head of the list stands the immortal John Milton, who was one of Colet's scholars from 1620 to 1625, proceeding from St. Paul's School to Christ College, Cambridge. John, the great Duke of Marlborough, was a Pauline; and so was Camden, the antiquarian and herald; and that admirable gossip and historian of the manners of the court of Charles II, Master Samuel Pepys. Among other notable personages who were likewise beholden to it for instruction in their youth may be mentioned John Leland, the celebrated archæologist; William Whittaker, one of the earliest and most prominent chaplains of the Reformation; Robert Nelson, author of the "Companion to the Festivals and Fasts of the Church of England;" Dr. Benjamin Calamy; Sir John Trevor, a Speaker of the House of Commons; Halley, the great astronomer; Major André, who was shot by General Washington's orders for intriguing with Arnold, the American commander; Sir Philip Francis, reputed author of the "Letters of Junius;" Sir Charles Wetherell, Sir Frederick Pollock, and Lord Chancellor Truro, eminent lawyers; and Dr. Benjamin Jowett, the present Master of Balliol and Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford. St. Paul's School has little or no personal history, owing to the fact that from the date of its foundation it has always been a day school. We search its archives in vain for any curious traditions and customs such as we find associated with Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Rugby, and Harrow. Its great reputation has been principally maintained by the success of its scholars at the Universities, who in this respect have worthily supported the fame of John Colet, Founder of St. Paul's School.

CHARLES E. PASCOE.

SCANDINAVIAN CUSTOMS.

THOUGH Scandinavia is a composite term, and though a good deal of a kindly sort of hatred is wasted between the three kingdoms composing it, the people are one, and any movement from outside against any one of the three would be warmly resented by the other two. The old stock is the same, and the old customs are found, with very slight variations, and those mostly of modern origin, in all of them. The languages are two only, Swedish and Danish, the latter being universal in Norway, though since the transference of that country from the Danish to the Swedish Government in 1824 there has been a tendency to introduce the Swedish language, especially in the border valleys.

Winter is the best time to arrive on a visit to any of the Scandinavian countries, for that is the season of hospitality, the time of the reunion of friends and families. Thus the yule log (*Juletræ*) still survives, and *Juletid* (yule tide) has a more peculiar and special glory than even in our own merry England. Christmas Eve is the great day of rejoicing, and the evening sees every member within possible distance assembled at the family board. Strangers are rarely invited on these occasions, but the writer and a friend were once present at a small gathering on this occasion at Gothenburg. Presents and surprises were in abundance for all, the great event of the evening being the unveiling and presentation to the old mother of a beautiful portrait, in oil, of an absent daughter. One of the sons—a lad just entering into life—was made happy with a one-dollar note concealed in the inner pocket of a capacious wallet, and marked, "To be returned, with 100,000 dollars interest, in twenty years." A huge box, nearly three feet by two, when opened, only revealed box after box, to the number of at least twenty, when it at last yielded up a tiny locket in a walnut-shell. Even the two wandering Britons were provided for, and we carried off a medal apiece that had been struck in honour of an ancestor of the distinguished family whose guests we were, and sundry little waxen ornaments of typical design. The supper introduced a dish which is absolutely universal in the three kingdoms, and one to which no amount of use would ever reconcile a British nose or stomach, but which, unfortunately, is *de rigueur* on Christmas Eve, Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, and some other occasions. It is called "lude fish," and consists of fish treated with soda and potash, and afterwards boiled till it is reduced to the condition of a very odoriferous jelly or pulp. Unfortunately, every notable housewife takes particular pride in the preparation of this abomination, and the honour of sitting next to her and doing expected justice to this dish is by no means to be coveted.

Winter, too, brings out the sledges, with their exhilarating, noiseless motion, musical bells, and warm wraps, and the kindly snow lays a beautiful, even, swansdown-carpeted road where in summer locomotion would be impossible. Thus friends at a distance, almost insurmountable at other seasons of the year, are brought within visiting possibility, and the kindly winter hospitalities have a memory to be renewed at its next recurrence. Besides the horse-sledges, porters drag their loads, and tiny mules pull their

still tinier charges, along in hand-barrows, and boy-sledges are carried up any little incline, where their child-riders mount and come down with a rush rapid as lightning.

There is not much skating, except in the large towns, where places are kept clear at considerable expense, as in the country the snow is far too deep to be cut by the knife edges of the skate. Here, however, the snow-shoe comes into play—not a boat-like frame, covered with coarse string netting, as used in Canada, but a long board, pointed at the end, being little broader than the foot, but about seven feet long, with a thong loop in the middle to receive the toe. The Laps are the greatest proficient in the use of these implements, and get up and down any hills, keeping their way with frequent prods from an iron-spiked staff, an object of considerable envy and admiration to the tyro who continually finds his foot slipping out of the thong and sinking over the ankle in the snow at the side. Some of these shoes have reindeer skin on the soles, with the hair pointing backwards, which gives a sufficient amount of catch in the snow to enable the wearer to ascend a moderate incline without slipping back. Even the most skilful performers are liable to accidents from unseen bushes almost concealed by the snow, and when the point gets caught in one of those in a rapid descent, a breakage of the shoe itself is almost inevitable, and that of the leg far from improbable.

Marriages, though celebrated with less formality than in many other countries, have their special peculiarities in Scandinavia. The most remarkable of these is the use of the bridal crown. This ornament is a possession in some wealthy families, but is more commonly the property of the parish, lent to the deserving candidates for matrimony when required. It is made of the quaint old rock silver work, and frequently entirely or partly gilt. Those brides only whose conduct has been without reproach are allowed to wear it, and in a country where great poverty abounds and long engagements are the rule, crownless brides are lamentably frequent. In the north of Norway the crown is almost unknown, and the brides are generally content with such decoration as ribbons and flowers will afford—generally applied by the tasteful hands of the ladies of the minister's family. The religious ceremony is short and simple, and the day is wound up with a feast in the house of the friends of bride or bridegroom, as distance from the church or other circumstances may render more convenient. These entertainments were formerly often the scenes of fights, but since the judicious restrictions on the sale of spirits by the governments, they have become far less frequent. These encounters seldom led to serious injury, though the whole thing is a relic of savagery.

Presents, of course, form an ingredient in a wedding here as everywhere else, but the useful is decidedly more in favour than the ornamental—wardrobes, clothes-presses, bedsteads, and other very substantial articles forming the staple, and being conveyed home to the intended residence of the happy couple with the escort of numerous friends, and sometimes a band of music.

The dinners in a Norwegian interior are apt to

shock a polite Briton, as, not to mention eating with knives, which is all but universal, servants are seldom admitted during meals, their duty being over when they have brought the dishes into the room, and the younger ladies wait upon everybody. The ladies are also generally separated from the men, as in the congregations of some churches. The first impulse is to rise and offer to assist the ladies in their spiring, but a short time accustoms one to the practice; and the natives defend it vigorously, on the ground of conversation being so much more unrestrained when servants are excluded from the room, and there is no fear of the scandal of the dining-room being retailed with additions below-stairs.

After dinner every one present shakes hands with the host and hostess, saying, "Tak for matten" (Thanks for food). This custom is dying out in towns, but still obtains in the country, and is even used when the guests are paying for their board. In some parts of Denmark everybody present shakes hands with everyone else before the feast, and says, "Welcome."

Many national salutations appear sufficiently unmeaning, as the French, "Merci pour la prochaine fois," or our own "Better luck next time," but to thank a man for his past kindness to you, whom you have never seen before, or from whom you have received no attention whatsoever, has been reserved for the Norwegians, whose almost invariable first greeting is, "Tak for sidsh" (Thanks for last time). Many of the more salient peculiarities of Scandinavian manners are rapidly passing away.

Varieties.

VANILLA TREE.—Mr. E. B. Ede, writing from Paris, says that the Avenue d'Essling was this summer a mass of purple bloom, quite eclipsing the chestnuts of other avenues, and recommends the vanilla for squares or streets in London, being hardly as w^c as handsome, as well as of rapid growth.

PURCHASE OF PUBLIC OFFICES IN CHINA.—In the beginning of the present year all China was startled by the publication of the following edict from the throne:—"The constant expenditure of money, which went on so long as military operations were necessary, left us but one alternative—the sale of office. Among those who purchased office there were some who were competent and able in the public service, but there were others who were either rogues or fools, and the services have been disgraced by them. At first the agencies did their best to contribute to the revenues of the State, but as time went on the moneys were misapplied, and not only was the honest administration of the country rendered impossible, but as a source of revenue the system broke down. In the interests of pure government it must be abolished. We therefore command the Board of Revenue to ascertain what amount is annually received under this head by the metropolis and the provinces, to inquire into the manner these sums are expended, and substitute some other method of raising the money. Let the Board at the same time report to our officers throughout the Empire the abolition of the purchase system."

GREAT STORM IN AMERICA.—The American papers gave full accounts of a great storm which visited the New England States on the 16th July. We extract the following:—

"Boston, July 17.—The havoc by yesterday's storm and tornado was almost unprecedented. The pilots say that no such storm has occurred for more than twenty years, and the signal-service people say that no storm of equal violence has occurred since the establishment of the office. The fatalities have been many, and the damage to property immense. It travelled through the length of the State at the average rate of at least seventy miles an hour. In its course down from the Berkshire Hills to the sea-coast it took several swinging curves, and the whole breadth of New England, in varying degree, was included in its sweep. In the rural regions its path is marked by ruined crops, torn and twisted fruit and shade trees; in the towns and cities

by demolished houses, shattered chimneys, broken church-steeple, mangled roofs, and broken glass; and along the coast by the wrecks of yachts and other small craft, and shattered summer-houses and buildings. The greatest loss of life was on the water. The story of the loss of the yacht *Myrtle*, of the Bunker Hill Yacht Club, with an entire family, only one, the father, being saved, was supposed to be the most melancholy loss, but several other casualties as sad have since been reported.

"Pittsfield, Mass., July 17.—The money loss occasioned by yesterday's storm will be as great as was estimated, but in shade and fruit trees demolished, buildings shaken, fences levelled, shrubbery destroyed, and other similar harm done, money can hardly be a compensation.

"Northampton, Mass., July 17.—The town is almost despoiled of its beautiful shade trees, mostly large elms, for which it is noted, there being some fifteen uprooted on Elm Street alone. The horse cars to Florence cannot run for some days, there being many great trees across the track."

QUEEN'S PRIZE AT WIMBLEDON.—In 1860, the date of the first contest, it was won by Edward Ross with 24 out of a possible 60 points, the weapon used being the Whitworth, which was adopted till 1865. Such a score in these days would be nowhere. In 1861 Jopling, of the South Middlesex, took the medal and £250 for 18 out of 42; in 1862 Pixley was victorious with 44 out of 84; in 1863 Roberts, of Shropshire, won with 65, which was a considerable increase on the previous year's performance; in 1864 it was won by Wyatt, London Rifle Brigade, with 60; in 1865 by Sharman, of York, with 64; in 1866 by Cameron, of Inverness, with 69; in 1867 by Lane, of Bristol, with 57; in 1868 by Carslake, of Somerset, with 65; in 1869 by Cameron, of Inverness, with 71; and in 1870 by Humphries, 6th Surrey, with 66. In 1871 the Government Martini-Henry was for the first time introduced into the contest, but the result was not very gratifying, 66 points only being made by Humphry, of Cambridge University; in 1872 Michie, London Scottish, made only 65; in 1873 Menzies, Queen's Edinburgh, made six less. In 1874 the value of points was increased, and Atkinson, 1st Durham, made 64 out of a possible 105; in 1875 Pearson, Devon, made 73; in 1876 Sergeant Pullman, South Middlesex, made 74; in 1877 Private Jamieson, 15th Lanarkshire, made 70; and last year Rae, of Stirling, outdistanced all previous competitors by recording 78. Corporal Taylor, who belongs to the St. Helen's corps, became winner for this year of the Blue Riband of rifle shooting, with a higher aggregate than has ever been made in the Queen's competition.

THE BLACK MILDEW OF WALLS.—*Appropos* of an observation by Professor Paley regarding the cause of the blackness of St. Paul's, which he attributed mainly to the growth of a lichen, Professor Leidy recently stated to the Philadelphia Academy that his attention was called a number of years ago to a similar black appearance on the brick walls and granite work of houses in narrow, shaded streets, especially in the vicinity of the Delaware river. Noticing a similar blackness on the bricks above the windows of a brewery, from which there was a constant escape of watery vapour, in a more central portion of the city, he was led to suspect it was of vegetable nature. On examination, the black mildew proved to be an alga, closely allied to what he supposed to be the *Protococcus viridis*, which gives the bright green colour to the trunks of trees, fences, and walls, mostly on the more shaded and northern side, everywhere in that neighbourhood. Professor Leidy thinks it may be the same plant in a different state, but, until proved to be so, he proposes to distinguish it by the name of *Protococcus lugubris*. It consists of minute round or oval cells, isolated or in pairs, or in groups of four, the result of division; or it occurs in short, irregular chains of four or more cells up to a dozen, occasionally with a lateral offset of two or more cells. The cells by transmitted light seem of a brownish or olive-brownish hue. In mass, the alga appears to the naked eye as an intensely black powder.

SABLE ISLAND.—This island, where the steamer *State* of Virginia went ashore in July during a dense fog, is a small island in the Atlantic Ocean, lying directly in the track of vessels sailing between the northern ports of America and Europe, ninety miles south-east of Nova Scotia. It is in latitude 43 59 north, and longitude 59 47 west. It is low and sandy, about twenty-five miles in length and one and a quarter in breadth, and has been the scene of many and melancholy shipwrecks. A company of men, furnished with provisions and other necessities for the purpose of relieving shipwrecked mariners, is supported on the island by the Government at an annual expense of 4,000 dollars. The island is covered with grass and wild peas, sustaining by its spontaneous production about 500 horses and many cattle. There are successful fisheries in its vicinity.

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